

Children's Department.

THE FATHER DOETH ALL.

Little beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?

"Tis our Father."

Little bird with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?

"Tis our Father."

'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us; he is love.

Little blossoms, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?

"Tis our Father."

Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?

"Tis our Father."

'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us; he is love.

Little child, with face so bright,
Who has made your heart so light?

"Tis our Father."

Who has taught you how to sing
Like the merry bird of spring?

"Tis our Father."

'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us; he is love.

—Fanny Van Alstyne.

FROM WATERLOO, IOWA.

DEAR EDITOR.—As I have not seen any letters from Waterloo for a long time I will write one.

The Sunday-school and King's Children are prospering.

J. L. Gillin, our pastor, will preach at the park Sunday evening.

One more young man came forward Sunday and gave his heart to God. We all hope he will succeed, and do the work which God has sent us all to do.

I will answer Bert Hoover's question. The longest verse is found in Esther 8:9 and has ninety words in it.

BLANCH HOOVER.

WHAT FANNY GAVE.

"Do you know, Fanny, if I had as much money as you have, I wouldn't do a thing for myself, save what I had to do, say nothing of working for others," exclaimed Nellie Hayes, who was on a visit to her cousin, Fanny Needham.

The two girls were occupying a richly furnished room. Fanny was sewing on some coarse material, while Nellie was leaning luxuriously back in a crimson easy chair, folding her hands.

"No," continued Nellie, "I wouldn't trouble myself to go around ferreting out all the poor children in the neighborhood, so that I might make dresses for them. I'd just enjoy myself to the top of my bent, and be as lazy as I liked all day long."

"You would soon grow tired of that," said Fanny, gently, "for that is the hardest work of all. Father and I just think

the same about the use of money, and he is glad that I want to spend some of it in the way I do."

"But you might have a great deal better time, if you only would," persisted Nellie. "You are so different from what I expected to find you. I thought you would be fashionable and stylish, and have all the good times that rich girls are supposed to have. And here you even don't dress a bit better than I."

Fanny could not help smiling at the injured tone her cousin had assumed, as she answered: "I'm sorry to disappoint you, dear. But I think I have a better time than most rich girls do, though they might not think so. I wish you could have seen Mrs. Walsh's eyes when I took her those clothes for the children yesterday. The look of gratitude which flashed from them was far more satisfying than all the diamonds in the world to me. And then, Jimmy Pierson—he's been trying all Summer to get himself a flower stand outfit, but everything seemed against him. Don't you believe, dear, that it gave me the greatest pleasure in the world to save the dimes that I should have spent for soda water (and they were very numerous last Summer) to get him that stand, that he might earn an honest living? One never realizes the blessedness of giving until he has given."

"Yes, but it's easy enough for you, who have so much to give," said Nellie; "where I have a dime of my own, you have a dollar."

"But there isn't anything in money. And besides, what I give, I save from my allowance. I should not feel that I was really and truly giving if I had to ask father for every cent I needed for my poor. And girls, who have no allowance from which to save, can give just as kind words, and just as sweet smiles, as their richer sisters can. No, indeed; there isn't everything in money."

"But there's a good deal," said Nellie, laughingly. "However, if you furnish the money, I ought to be willing to furnish the smiles."

"Oh, I wish you could go with me," said Fanny, eagerly; "you cannot but feel differently when you see the need for help and sympathy that is all around us."

And Nellie did go, and learned at first to admire, and then to emulate the example of unselfishness that her cousin set her, learned to practice in spirit and in deed the meaning of the divine command: "Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly, to give of that little; for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity."—Selected.

AN HOUR WITH THE BIBLE.

How many children can find answers to these questions?

One day, Jesus took three of his disciples to the top of a mountain to pray. While he prayed the disciples fell asleep, but by and by they awoke again and saw Jesus standing before them with his face shining as bright as the sun and his coarse rough clothes appeared dazzling white. Then two very great men who had lived in that country hundreds of years before came and talked with Jesus, and in some way the disciples knew who these men were; perhaps they heard Jesus calling them by their names. One of the disciples thought that it would be a grand thing to be in such good company all the time for he did yet not know how much greater Jesus was than the two great men. So he proposed that they should put up three booths or arbors on the mountain and stay there. He thought that one booth would do quite well for Jesus and himself and the other two disciples, but the two strange visitors were so great that each of them should have a booth for himself. But just as he was asking Jesus for permission to do this a heavy cloud came down upon them and God spoke to them from the sky. Then the disciples became very much frightened and fell on their faces. When they looked up again the cloud was gone and the visitors were gone and Jesus stood alone looking just as usual. Who were these three disciples? What did God say to them? Who were the strangers? And what did these strangers talk with Jesus about?—Selected.

LITTLE LADY GRAHAM.

There is a very pretty story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queen of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

"It was in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of James III.; and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled king. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years of age. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the queen found the little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James III., which still remains there. Struck with the wonderful expression of the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particular. 'I was thinking,' said the innocent child, 'how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours.' The story goes that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child."—Selected.